

JERU THE DAMAJA – COME CLEAN LYRICS

you wanna front what? jump up and get bucked
if you're feeling lucky duck then press your luck
i sn-tch fake gangsta mc's and make 'em f-got flambes
your nine spray my mind spray

malignant mist steadily pumps the funk
the results you're a gang stuffed in a car trunk
you couldn't come to the jungles of the east poppin' that game
you won't survive get live catchin' wreck is our thing

i don't gang bang or shoot out bang, bang
the relentless lyrics the only dope i slang
i'm a true master you can check my credentials
'cuz i choose to use my infinite potentials

got a freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky flow
control the mic like fidel castro locked cuba
so deep that you can scuba dive my jive
origin is unknown like the judas

i've acc-mulated honies all across the map
'cuz i'd rather bust a nut then bust a cap in
ya back in fact my rap snaps ya sacroiliac
i'm the mack so i don't need to tote a mac

my attack is purely mental and its nature's not hate
it's meant to wake ya up out of ya brainwashed state
stagnate nonsense but if you persist
you'll get ya snot box bust you press up on this

i flip hoes dip none of the real n-gg-s slip
you don't know enough math to count the mics that i ripped
keep the dirty rotten scoundrel as his verbal weapons spit

real rough and rugged, shine like a gold nugget
every time i pick up the microphone i drug it
unplug it on chumps with the gangsta babble
leave your nines at home and bring your skills to the battle

you're rattlin' on and on and ain't sayin' nothing
that's why you got snuffed when you b-mp heads with dirty rotten
have you forgotten, i'll tap you jaw
i also kick like kung fu flicks by run run shaw

made frauds bleed every time i g'd
'cuz i've perfected my drunken style like sam seed
pseudo psychos i play like michael
jackson when i'm bustin' -ss and breakin' backs

inhale the petrified aroma
breathe too deep and you'll wind up coma
toes the king i'm hard like a fifth of vodka
and bring your clique 'cuz i'm a hard rock knock a

i gotcha, out on a limb i'm about to push you off the brink
let you draw your craw but you burnin' shot breaks
when the east is in the house you should come equipped

fly like a jet sting like a h-rnet
knuckleheads get live and set it off if you want it
dirty rotten scoundrels is crushin' fools no joke
with styles more fatal than second hand smoke

don't provoke the wrath of this rhyme inventor
'cuz i blow up spots like the world trade center
come with the super trooper on his -ssault mission
the tench's technique 'cuz he's a technician

wishin' he'll go away won't help the weapons stop
the skills are shot 'cuz any idiot can let off a glock
hard rock smellin' the clutch of this untouchable
you claim you got beef on the streets so whatcha

gonna do when real n-gg-z roll up on you
and you don't got your crew
pull your glock but you don't got the heart
you was webbed straight from the start

bought a tool and didn't learn how to use it
got lost in brooklyn so you had to lose it
just for frontin' you got that -ss waxed